

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Ruler over Many Things.

BY ELLA MAY FERGUSON.

TIMOTHY RANDALL was in a very bad temper. His usually jolly face was gloomy and marred with a fearsome scowl, and he seemed to see nothing of the beauty of the summer afternoon, nothing at all but the big piece of stone which he was savagely kicking along in front of him as he walked.

He considered he had very good cause for anger. One of the boys in his form at the grammar school had just called after him, as a final retort in a battle of words: "Who sands the sugar? Yah, grocer-boy."

Up to that moment Timothy had given as good as he received, but after that he turned on his heel and came away, crimson-cheeked and sick at heart. It was disgusting of his father to make him help in the shop, he considered. How could he hold his own in a decent school, if any morning or evening the other fellows could come along and see him working like a scrubby little errand-boy?

He almost determined to rebel, but the thought of his mother's clear eyes acted like a spell, and swinging his satchel once more over his shoulder he set out at a run for home and tea, rebellion still in his heart but knowing quite well that he would have to submit.

"I want you to take a parcel up to The Mount directly after tea," said his father, when the little family were seated. "The boy is ill and I've had to send him home."

"O father!" faltered Timothy. "I say, must it go this evening?"

"Yes, of course," replied Mr. Randall. "It should have gone this afternoon. Why? Have you something special to do?"

"No, not exactly," was the half sulky response. "But that's where one of the fellows in my form lives."

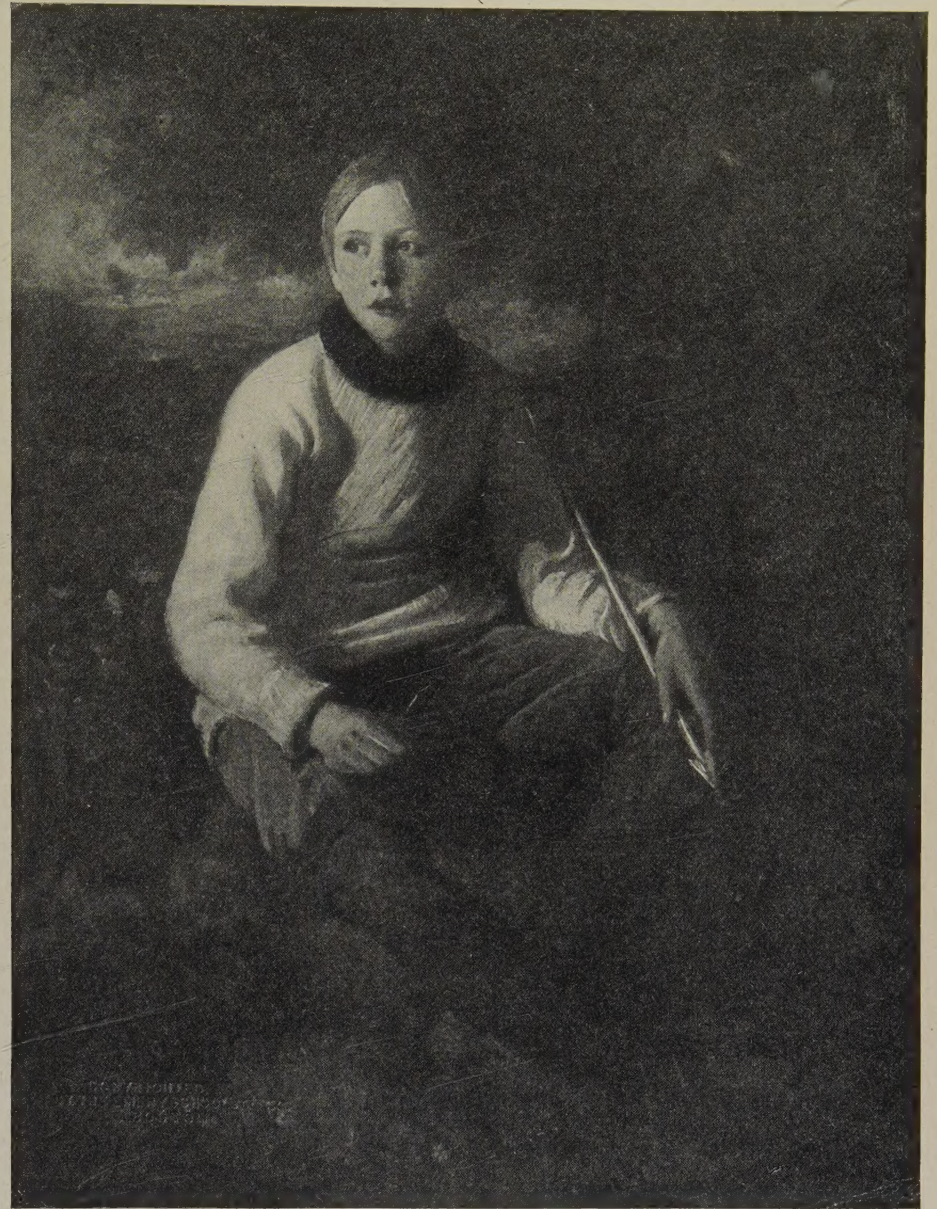
"I don't see what that has to do with your taking a parcel," replied Mr. Randall, severely.

"I tell you what, Tim," interposed sharp-tongued Dorothy, his elder by a year. "You are growing into a regular little snob since you have been at the grammar school. Shall I take it, Dad?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Randall, decidedly. "Your brother will go. I am sure he will not be so ridiculous as to be ashamed of the shop which pays his school fees."

Timothy munched on stolidly at his bread and butter without saying a word. He knew he had to go, and at the bottom of his heart he wished he were like Dorothy, strong-minded enough not to care, but he hated, yes he did, he hated taking a parcel to just that house where Compton, who had called him "grocer-boy," lived.

After tea, he ran out into the yard to have a look at his rabbits, and while he was standing in front of the hutch, staring at his favorites with gloomy eyes, Mrs. Randall appeared round the corner of the wood-shed. She limped a little, and had a white, tired face, but her clear gray eyes had the courage of a whole army in them. Timothy loved



From painting by Douglas Volk.

BOY WITH AN ARROW.

her very dearly, more even than most sons love their mothers, for it was in rescuing him from a house on fire when he was a tiny baby that she had got her poor foot hurt, so that she could never walk properly again.

"Hallo, Mum," he said with a pretence of cheerfulness which would not have deceived a bat. "Gwendoline seems quite all right to-night. She's tucking into those lettuce leaves, anyway."

Mrs. Randall duly admired the rabbits, then put her hand on her son's shoulder, using him as a support instead of her stick,—a thing he loved her to do,—and the two strolled down the yard to the little flower-garden, contrived by Timothy among the packing-cases, which was such a joy to her.

"I think it is very fine of you to help your

father so willingly, Tim," she said suddenly. "It must be difficult for you at school, but I know you are not afraid of difficult things. I should be very unhappy if my son were to be ashamed of his parents."

"Oh, mother, you know I couldn't," cried Timothy, indignantly. "Why, I'm fearfully proud of you both. Who wouldn't be?"

"You're a dear boy," replied his mother, with a friendly pressure on his shoulder, and apparently taking no notice of his burning cheeks. "I thought of something that might make it easier for you. I read it last Sunday while you were at church: Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

"How do you mean, mother?" asked Tim,

in a small humble voice. "How can I be faithful over a few things? And I could never be a ruler over many, could I?"

"You are faithful to your father when you help him loyally," explained Mrs. Randall, eagerly, turning and looking deep into her boy's eyes. "Of course you can be faithful in the few things—doing your lessons conscientiously is another way. And about being a ruler over the many," she went on more slowly and rather wistfully: "I suppose all mothers wish their boys to become great men. I do, I know, though I would not have you great unless you are good as well."

There was a little pause, while they strolled round the geranium-bed, each deep in thought.

"Well, my next job is to run up to The Mount, Mum," said Timothy, with an embarrassed smile. "I don't see how a fellow could help being great and good with you for a mother. I'm going to, anyway."

It was astonishing how light the parcel felt, after all. And when he got to The Mount, Mrs. Compton was so kind to him, and thanked him very much for bringing up the things which she needed urgently for one of her little girls who was ill.

Of course I cannot say that Timothy never had any bad moments to go through after that. Things are never so easy as all that. But he honestly tried to be "faithful over a few things," and if the old rebellious feelings came back at times, he stuffed them deep down into his pocket and put his handkerchief on the top for safety. At any rate, he did not grumble, but did his jobs cheerfully and well, as became the son of a heroic mother.

Then there came days when his father and mother seemed always to be discussing some problem and never coming to a firm decision. Mr. Randall looked harassed and uncertain, and Timothy's mother often had red-rimmed eyes, though she went about her duties in her own calmly happy fashion. Tim and Dorothy sometimes exchanged notes about it all, but they came to no conclusion except that "business must be bad because of the war."

But one night, Timothy woke up in his little bedroom which opened out of the upstairs sitting-room, where his parents generally sat on Sunday evening, and heard words which made him sit up in bed with his heart beating wildly.

"My dear, I've got to do it," he heard his father say in a low but ringing voice. "If somebody has got to fight for you and the children, how can I be out of it? They want men like me who know what soldiering is, though South Africa was quite different from this. I've got to go, dear."

"I knew you would sooner or later," came his mother's voice, and the tears rushed into Timothy's eyes at the heart-break he heard in it.

"It's Tim that's kept me so long," his father went on. "Of course we must give up the shop, but I can manage to leave you and Dorothy in comfort—until I come back. It's only Tim. I've thought and planned, but I don't see how we can keep him at the grammar school. And I so longed for the boy to have his chance. He hates the shop, I know, though he has been a very good boy of late."

With one bound Tim was out of bed and standing before his astonished parents in the darkened room lighted only by the summer twilight.

"Father, I don't hate the shop any more," he cried eagerly. "I say, I couldn't help hearing what you said. I was half asleep at

first and thought it was in my dream. But please let me stop here with you. I want to be a help, not a worry."

"It's a question of what you will do if I join the army, my son," began Mr. Randall, gravely.

"I know what I would like to do," said Timothy, nervously, but gathering courage as he went on. "I'm a great big chap now, father, and nearly fifteen, at least quite fourteen, which is just as good, and everybody takes me for much older. And I don't see why you should shut the shop. Of course I couldn't do it so well as you, but I've got the muscle and mother's got the brains, and—and couldn't we 'carry on' till you come home?"

No answer came from the motionless figures on the window-seat, and Tim could not see their faces.

"Hardly any fellows are stopping on at school after my age, Dad," he went on more desperately. "When you come back you can decide then if I shall study some more—I'd like to; but all the boys in England have to do a man's work now, haven't they, so that the men can fight for the women and children. Trust me, father; I'll put my back into it if you'll trust me."

Still no words came, but a strong hand drew the tall slender boyish figure, looking oddly childlike in blue-striped pajamas, down between the two seated side by side in the window. There he was hugged and kissed, "like a blessed baby," as he mentally expressed it; and the odd part was that both his cheeks were wet with tears afterward, though it is well known men never do cry really.

"Trust you, boy?" murmured his father, at last. "I would trust you to go through fire and water."

Of course Tim wanted to fix everything up at once and start on his managership next morning, but after a few minutes his father decided that they had talked enough for one day and must all go to bed.

When Tim was just settling off to sleep, the light halting step which was almost always the last sound he heard at night came across the sitting-room and up to his bedside. He was too sleepy to stir, and besides he loved being "patted in" as he called it, so he lay quite still while the thin worn hands hovered round his head, tucking in a corner here, pulling a sheet straight there. Then came the warm soft kiss, just as usual; and then, his mother's voice, strangely moved and thrilling:

"I will make thee ruler over many things."

Piedro's Party.

BY HARRIET IVES.

PIEDRO was a little boy who once lived in a far-away country known as Brazil. Oranges, bananas, lemons, and other fine fruits grew about Piedro's home, and beautiful flowers bloomed there all the year long.

One time Piedro was ill for many days and he became quite lonely. He wanted to see and play with his little friends who could no longer come to his home for fear they too would have the fever which had made Piedro so ill.

"Never mind, dear," said his mother, "I will see that you have a new kind of a party in a few days. Only be very patient and try to get well."

When Piedro heard his mother say those

words he ate only the light food she had prepared for him, and was very quiet indeed, as she wished him to be.

His mother left him several times to visit in the homes of her near neighbors. She also went to the home of Dolores Florez, a pretty little girl who lived in a very fine house on a hill near by. Piedro liked Dolores better than any other little girl, and had once given her a pretty homing pigeon.

Piedro's mother invited each of his little friends and neighbors to be dressed as for a party at five o'clock the next afternoon, and call to Piedro from their windows which opened upon the same street that his did.

She arranged with the sweetmeat man to visit each of their homes and leave them delicious dainties to eat at that time.

When she told Dolores, it made Dolores very glad. Then she planned another surprise for Piedro that was even nicer than some of the things his mother had arranged for him.

At last the time came, and his mother told him about the party. The man who sold sweetmeats came to Piedro's house and left a few for him. Piedro, dressed in cool white clothing, his black eyes shining very brightly and his dark curls bobbing about his neck, went to the window and leaned on the casement of a high upper window overlooking the street. His little pet doggie was by his side.

The sweetmeat man went to the house across the street, and Piedro saw José with his hands full of dainties come to the window opposite his, and wave his hand in welcome to Piedro. Rosina soon waved from another, and Gonzales from still another. It soon came to pass that from every window near by a little boy or girl was waving, and shouting greetings to Piedro, and all were eating some of the sweetmeat man's dainties.

Piedro's dog barked happily at the little cats and dogs in the other windows, and they in turn barked or mewed at him. A merrier time was never seen on that street.

After a while Piedro saw a window open in the fine house away off on the high hill. Dolores stood there and waved her hand at him a moment. Then she loosed a bird and Piedro knew it was the pigeon that had once been his, now bringing him a message. He was not surprised when it came to rest on his window, and he soon found a slip of paper tied to the bird's leg with a bit of silk. When he had removed it, he read:

"Piedro, I am so glad to be at your party. I hope you will soon be well, and have come to stay in Brazil until you are."

The other children saw Piedro's pigeon fly home and supposed it brought him some word of cheer. Then they clapped their hands happily and waved one to another, because they loved Piedro very much and enjoyed his nice new kind of a party.

God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!

The wrong shall fail,

The right prevail,

With peace on earth, good will to men.

LONGFELLOW.

"If all the World looks drear, perhaps the Meaning
Is that your Windows need a little Cleaning."

The world stands aside for any one who knows where he is going.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.



In Ancient Damascus.

SOME OF THE INTERESTING THINGS SEEN IN THE WORLD'S OLDEST CITY.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

UNCLE JIM had returned but recently from an important trip as a confidential agent of his country, and when he was once more established in his home, after making his report to the government at Washington, he was besieged by the juvenile members of the household to tell them something of what he had seen during his long journey.

"Where shall I start?"

Some wanted him to begin his narrative with his departure from the United States, while others wanted him to tell about some particular section of the world, for they knew it would take more than one evening to hear about it all.

"I think the best thing to do will be to tell you something about one particular city at a time, and right now I will talk about an old city, which, indeed, is said to be the most ancient in the whole world. You find it mentioned often in the Bible, and its name has come down through the centuries. It has one portion which is known as 'the street which is called straight.' Now who can tell me the name of the city?"

Up went Tom's hand, just as though he thought he was in school. "I know," he said. "It's Damascus, because I remember about that street in the lesson we had at Sunday school when we were studying about the conversion of St. Paul."

"You're right," announced Uncle Jim. "Now to tell you about Damascus. It is in Syria, as you will probably remember, and is under the control of Turkey. It is one of the so-called holy cities, and at certain times of the year, when the Mohammedans are making their pilgrimages to and from Mecca, the streets of Damascus present a very busy scene.

"It was not so very long ago that it was absolutely unsafe for any Christian to be upon the streets in that city alone, for the fanatical inhabitants had a way of quietly spiriting away the Christians, and it was practically an impossibility to get any satisfaction out of the vali, or governor of the district of which Damascus is the capital. He, like all the others in public office, felt it his duty to dispose of all who did not take

up the Mohammedan faith, and so he could not be counted upon to aid in the recovery of any traveler who might have disappeared mysteriously.

"The day I reached Damascus I found every one excited, for word had come that Turkey had joined Germany and Austria in the war in Europe, and it was known that the other group of allies would have an eye on the country round about Damascus. In the market-places, as I went about on the business which had called me so far from home, I saw groups gathered, discussing the situation, yet the small tradesmen and artisans kept to their allotted tasks.

"In the streets the ever-present dogs were snarling at each other over some bone which may have been tossed at them from some doorway. Here and there I saw the knife-grinders putting keen edges on household and butcher-shop implements, and, by the way, you have probably read of the famous Damascus blade, a type of sword which originated in this ancient city and which has become celebrated for the excellence of the steel used in it.

"If any of you children should go to such old cities as New Orleans you will see the overhanging balconies, and just such balconies are to be seen in old Damascus. There are some buildings which are fairly modern in type, and these are generally located near the market-places. Narrow and crooked streets are the rule, and there are none paved with asphalt, like our American cities. It gets so hot in Damascus at times that the asphalt would become too soft, and so we find stone blocks used, with cobbles to fill in the squares. Constant use by hundreds of thousands of feet has worn the stones down so that they make a fairly smooth roadway.

"If any one wants to see the true Oriental type of city, he will find it in Damascus, for it is said to be the most thoroughly Oriental in all its features and characteristics in the world. The old city naturally contains many buildings of great interest. For instance, my dragoman, or interpreter, pointed out to me the houses in which Judas and Annanias lived. Then, too, there are the

magnificent types of architecture, such as the Great Khan, with its granite pillars and its black and white marble walls. Near this building, and the score or more of the same sort, but less ornate, the merchants have their counting-houses, and in them daily are carried on the purchases and sales of all kinds of goods and merchandise.

"When you hear your mother speak of her damask tablecloth, Tom, you must remember after this that Damascus gave its name to this high grade of linen, and when you read about damaskening steel or other material you should remember that it means to inlay some-kind of metal upon a base of another kind. As you go about the streets of Damascus you come to the bazaars, or sections where you find the small shops and cafes. Here you can buy almost anything you want in the line of Oriental goods, whether in silverwork, patterns of cloth, ancient weapons, coins or other curios, and unless you are on your guard you will pay about five times what they are really worth, for the shopkeeper always starts at the top limit of price that he dares to ask, and if you seem indifferent about buying he will keep coming down, until you finally accept, and even then you will probably pay several times what any native would have to pay.

"After any one has seen the beautiful country that surrounds the city of Damascus, with some of the most wonderful gardens and orchards in the world, it is quite disappointing to find the conditions inside the city walls so gloomy and dilapidated. Inside the houses, though, will sometimes be found beautiful gardens, even if small, and there will be the satisfaction of resting in these during the heat of the day.

"In spite of all the interesting features of old Damascus, which, even with its telephone and telegraph wires strung through some of its streets and its railroads running to Beyrout and the Hauran, cannot become modern, I was glad when my mission there was concluded and I was at liberty to return by the quickest route to the land of Old Glory. I can tell you truly that of all the flags I saw on that memorable trip there was none half so beautiful as the Stars and Stripes, and I was proud to be an American."

Just as You Will.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

OH, sing away, and be glad to-day;
Gather sweet flowers where'er you may;
Pass by the thorns,—they will bruise you,
sweet;
On kindly errands hasten your feet.
Hands, eyes and fingers, ears, too, as well,
Are all good fairies, your thoughts to tell,
And if you keep them sweet and true,
They will bring back joy, young folk, to
you.

Hearts will be full, and life running o'er;
Wonderful things will pause at your door,
If only into the days that pass,
You weave kindly thoughts and kindly acts.
For Life's the sum of the days, my dear,
That God is giving you, now and here,
Each to be filled, with good or with ill,
Just as you will, dear, just as you will!

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information of the brain."



THE BEACON CLUB

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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PRESQUE ISLE, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school. I enjoy it very much. We do not have any minister, but have a Sunday school. I enjoy the Recreation Corner of *The Beacon*. I am ten years old and in the seventh grade. My teacher in Sunday school is Mrs. Waddell. I am secretary in the Sunday school for the month of December. I have one brother older than I and two younger.

With love,

SARA HOWE.

MONTREAL, CANADA,

Church of the Messiah,
Sherbrooke West and Simpson Streets.

Dear Miss Buck,—We go to the Church of the Messiah Sunday school, and get *The Beacon*, and like the stories which are in it.

We would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear a button.

Our Sunday school teacher is writing this letter for us.

Very truly yours,

CLINTON HIGGINSON.

ALBERT MITCHELL.

WILLIE DAVIES.

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I get *The Beacon* in Lowell where I visit at my grandmother's house in school vacations. I would like to have it at the Unitarian church in New Bedford, at my Sunday school.

When I go home on the train I guess the enigmas in *The Beacon*. I am twelve years old.

Yours truly,

MADELINE FOX.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
Technical High School.

Dear Miss Buck,—I thought you would be interested in what our Sunday school is doing.

The night before Christmas the Sunday school gathers and we go out on the street singing hymns of Christmas. We go to the old ladies' homes and to the homes of members of the church who are sick. We all enjoy it greatly, also we bring books and other things for the orphan children and hospitals. Here is a good joke happening to me when I was very young:

(Small girl home from visit.) Mother: "Did you have good things to eat, and did you have a good time?" Child: "Yes, mother, we had Welsh rarebit cooked in a shaving (chafing) dish."

I hope these things will be of use.

With love,

ELOISE OWINGS.

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
109 Sawyer Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Sunday school of the Church of the Disciples and like it very much. I am in Mrs. Carpenter's class. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday.

I am a member of the Ten-Times-One Club.

I am looking forward to a happy Christmas.

Yours truly,

HAROLD SOMMERS.

Other new members of our Club are Kenneth K. Clarke, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Jean Hoeft, Geneseo, Ill.; Josephine Downey, Butte, Mont.

New members in Massachusetts are Dorothy Sommers, Dorchester; James T. Carter, Middleboro; Albert Kenney, Stoneham; May Neilson, Stow; Duanne Young, Tyngsboro.

My Punishment.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

I DON'T believe you'd ever guess my mother's punishment for me,

When I have done a hateful thing and been as bad as I can be.

She doesn't lock me in my room nor take away my favorite toy,

And leave me till I've promised her that I will be a better boy.

She doesn't punish with a whip, although some other mothers do;

Some kinds of boys are helped by that, but I get madder through and through.

No, sir! My mother simply says: "My son, go out and take a walk,

Into the quiet of the woods, where you and God can have a talk.

Tell Him both sides, give yours and mine,—He is a judge you need not fear.

Talk freely, for I know that He will make the right and wrong quite clear."

So off I start. In winter days I bundle up—but out I go,

And pretty mad, I'll tell you that—at least, at first it's always so.

But somehow when I've gotten there—the woods are all so still and dim,

I feel as though I'd like to cry—but then instead I talk to Him.

I tell it all—that's only fair, God ought to hear the other side,

I'd hate to be a sneaky boy, I'd want to run away and hide.

It just depends how mad I am, the time it takes to tell it all—

But in the end it's just the same—I feel so mean and sad and small.

God never answers right out loud; it's not His way, I've come to know.

It's just my heart that tells me when—and back to mother, how I go!

"The woods have helped, they always do," she whispers as she holds my hands,

"There's no one there to interfere." Oh, how my mother understands!

The punishment seems queer, perhaps,—to other folks I s'pose it would,—

But mother knows, and so do I, just how it helps me to be good.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXX.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a girl's name.
My 17, 14, is not out.
My 16, 22, 26, 27, 20, is used in place of a wall.
My 2, 5, is a pronoun.
My 4, 25, 18, is like a cave.
My 13, 16, 16, is not on.
My 15, 24, 19, is not even.
My 11, 12, 23, is a metal.
My 28, 10, 1, is what we do with food.
My 21, 3, 26, is something we write with.
My whole is the foundation of American liberty.

DOROTHY BRIGGS.

ENIGMA XXXI.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 27, 29, 30, is a heavy weight.
My 19, 28, 25, 5, is very wet ground.
My 25, 11, 17, 16, is to peruse.
My 19, 9, 19, 19, 14, 21, is the Money God.
My 2, 26, 8, 20, 15, 30, is a people.
My 1, 6, 18, 11, 25, is part of a cow.
My 19, 3, 12, 4, 25, 11, 19, 19, is an old-fashioned prefix to a woman's name.
My 22, 23, is a word used ten times in this enigma.
My 13, 22, 25, 7, 24, is not last.
My whole is interesting to everybody at this time.

HELEN P. YOUNG.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Fill all the blanks with words composed of the same letters.

Nelly sat with — in hand
Writing — quite thrilling;
Did she — the plot she planned?
Were the owners willing?
— to us those plots may seem,
But at — she's fair, we deem.

Browning's Magazine.

DROP E.

1. A deceased person becomes your father.
2. A church festival becomes a flower.
3. Unworthy, ungenerous, becomes a male.
4. Animal food becomes a rug.
5. To garner becomes a blow.
6. An abundant meal becomes a going without food.
7. Part of a bird becomes a parent.
8. A striking act or exploit becomes corpulent.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 13.

ENIGMA XXVI.—Submarine.

ENIGMA XXVII.—Liberty Bond.

BEHEADINGS.—Moon, loon, coon, boon, soon, noon.

TWISTED BRANCHES OF THE ARMY.—1. Infantry. 2. Cavalry. 3. Field Artillery. 4. Coast Artillery. 5. Engineers. 6. Signal Corps. 7. Medical Corps. 8. Dental Corps. 9. Aviation. 10. Commissary.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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